...Our Boys and Girls...

EDITED BY AUNT BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the inter-This department is conducted solely in the interusis of our girl and boy readers.

Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the
nices and nephews who read this page, and to give
plan all the advice and help in her power.

Write on one side of the paper only.

Do not have letters too long.

Original stories and verses will be gladly received

The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned.

Address all letters to Aunt Rusy. Intermountain Catholic, Sait Lake City.

The Fat Little Grl.

here's to the cheek and the chin and the carl, and the dimple-cute hand of the fat little girl! because teases her, this one and that aming to luigh just because she is fat; Ho! for the cheer of her;

Ho! for the dear of her; that to the temper of sweetness and grace the rose of the sunshine that blooms in her

All of her brothers, her father and mother name her Dumpling and vie with each other must her and tease her—but here's to the curl and the check and the chin of the fat little girl! Ho, for the charm of her; Bed-pillow arm of her;

lime to the fat little girl of the home. kind as an elf and gentle as a gnome: weighing her, tensing and crying; I wouldn't be safe, dear, to undertake flying!"
Hel for the smile of her;

Half a broad mile of her: all of its sweetness and laughter and light, Wich a heart like the sun, making other hearts bright!

is 't she jolly!" they say on the street; Faryone loves her she chances to meet; At the weight of the world she is destined to hear: Hel for the joy of her;

Oh! the tomboy of her; Hore's to her gladness, her wit and her glee; Here's to the first little fat girl you see!

"Fatty" and "Dumpline" and "Pudding," go hur! What name you may like at the fat little girl; Is your home or my home, at school or on the street.

She wins with her grace, and we bow at her feet; Ho! for the love of her; God makes a dove of her. Fluttering on pinions of the light where she goes

To bear us the dream of the spring and the rose! DOROTHY'S VACATION.

"I feel as if I had lost my opportunity in life," wrote Dorothy Dane to her college chum, Marcia Petter, during the first week of vacation. Everybody does not fully appreciate the sense of lettingdown which comes to a student, when, a year of uncllectual work and hard routine over, she simply anks into a position of one of a quiet-going fam-ly. Dorothy loved books, loved hard and eager

study, and was noted for the intensity of her application. In her classes she stood very high, and the commencement exercises she carried off mimerous prizes, and received honorable mention where somebody else was first. The professors were very proud of Miss Dane. She would go out a credit to the college, and they were the more interested that she expected to become a teacher, and to carry their methods and ways of getting things into toher schools and places.

Commencement had been over with its joys and excitements for several weeks. Dorothy had besome used to waking when she pleased in the mornier, to regulating her day, not by bells, but to suit he had valiantly laid out a course of reading when she first came home, but so many interruptions broke in upon her plans, that she had not been able to adhere to her prescribed systems, and as she finished and scaled her little note to Marcia, she sighed wearily. Dorothy was experiencing the subtle but sharp pain which befalls those who disappoint themselves. She was not fulfilling rown ideal, and she was consciouus of an acute

"Dolly!" Her father was calling her from the foot of the stairs . He used the pet name of her

"Yes, Tather."

Your mother needs you, my girl. Eliza has taken herself off in a tiff, and Aunt Jane's folks are coming to dinner, and the mother has a sick-head-You'll have to step into the kitchen and fly

To some girls this necessity would have preented no alarms, but Dorothy's Latin and rhetoric and algebra had neither given her training in assemifery, nor developed in her the least inclinain to what she called domestic drudgery. If the must be told, it was to her thoughtlessness that Eliza's departure in the middle of a summer mercing, without adequate warning or sufficient was due.

Berothy's return to her home had made the thing of pretty puffed waists, ruffled and tucked and elaborate "lingerie" of every description marked inroad on the time and strength, on the temper of Eliza, the single maid, and in courtesy, the help. It was a community h help was not readily obtained.

Valle Dorothy, in a cool, white muslin dressmegac beside a vine-shaded window, in an easy was writing to her school friend, Eliza was contemplating the third tucked skirt she that day. She remoustrated volubly.

Was Dane wants to wear white petticoats, to iron them; that's all I've got to say,' or her flatiron down with a thump. Dane, a fragile woman with a weary face, ling peas in a large tin pan. It was not to give a basty answer, but she had comming, and the dread of her life, a sick-

-, was announcing its advent in creeping down ber spine, dull throbbing aches back of as serewing, boring sensation in her tem-Is were of nausca at the pit of her stomin all intolerable miseries, sick-headache is rest, the most releutless, a nightmare from Mrs. Dane always felt cross when a came. For the life of her, she could not but - irritation, when people fretted at her in

reumstances. bliza," she said, "where's the difference? If doing that, you haven't anything else to I m sure you have had it easy for a long time, can't understand you; you've done nothing had fault ever since my daughter came from

Well," said the outspoken Eliza, "why doesn't the take hold and help?"

"She's fired, and needs rest, Eliza," said the mother.

"So do I," siad Eliza, "and what's more. I mean to have it. I'm going straight out to my sister's, and I'll not come back till Im sent for, and then I'm not going to iron three white skirts with seven tucks apiece in 'em in any one week.'

This was certainly a very sensible resolution for anyone to make.

Before there was time to realize the state of affairs, Eliza majestically walked off, and Mrs. Dane, by this time in a fainting condition from pain and worry, dragged herself to her bedroom, and laid her throbbing head on her pillow. On her way to that refuge she called her husband, busy in his

laboratory over a difficult solution, and he in turn

called Dorothy.

If you fancy that our college girl was to be daunted by the difficulties before her, you do not know either the twentieth century young woman, or the real good gained by diligent study, and discipline of trained faculties. A girl may not learn how to make a pie by understanding an equation, or requiring the ability to conjugate the verb "to be" in four languages, but without doubt the facile mind, educated in one direction, turns easily to another field of action. Dorothy had found her opportunity. Before going downstairs, the words of the text of the sermon she had heard the previous Sunday flashed into her memory; it was, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of

The kitchen was stifling, with the great range filled to the lids with glowing coal, Eliza's ironing-day fire. Potatoes, scraped and ready for boiling, were standing in water waiting to be put on the fire; the peas were shelled. The house was full of freshly laundered clothing, and the big basket

stood there with its many damp rolls untouched. Her own skirt half finished hung on the board. Dorothy's courage and pluck were quite reassuring. She said to herself, "That is my first real chance for right-down leud-a-hand performance, and I'm not going to be a coward."

Mother was far too ill to give advice, so Doro-thy looked on the top shelf of the closet and found a little cooking book—just such a book as in an invaluable gift to the women of her period. A little searching, and she found her inexperienced hand taken in that of a guide both motherly nad efficient. All that she needed to know was between the covers of that book.

When at I o'clock an old-fashioned carry-all brought Uncle Rufus, Aunt Jane, Tommy, Theo and Alice, Dorothy's nice dinner, consisting of broiled steak, new potatoes, green pens, sliced tomatoes, bread and butter, strawberries, and delicious coffee was ready and waiting.

The vacation gave Dorothy a splendid opportunity to acquire a practical acquaintance with housekeeping, and also learn how to spare others, learning which is seldom obtained by those who never work with the covers of that book, and she

would find it out in time. And Eliza? Some people would say that she would be properly served by being taken at her word, and allowed to stay away. But they would not be people who live where it is nearly impossible to secure domestic help at any price. Dorothy waited two days; then she borrowed a horse and phaeton from a neighbor and drove three miles to Eliza's sister's, and found Eliza quite ready to come home again. There were no promises or pledges on either side, but things worked smoothly he rest of the summer, for Dorothy estimated better the amount to be done, and took her turn in lending a hand. Her bearing part of the burden made the vacation a pleasant one to her tired mother, whose headaches came less frequently, now that a strong young shoulder was willingly put to the wheel.—Catholic Telegraph.

He Did.

"Excuse me, but does Walter Halter live here-

Thus the English tenderfoot, polite and timid, addressed himself to the grizzled native in the douch hat and whiskered trousers.

"No," replied the native. "Well, do you happen to know where I shall be able to find him?" politely pursued the Englishman.

"Dear me!" The tenderfoot stood puzzled. "I must have lost my way. Perhaps you can tell me where Mr. William Bluff, popularly known as Grizzly Bill, hangs out?"

"I can.

"Right here! I'm Bill!"

"But," expostulated the tenderfoot, "they distinetly old me at the settlement that Haler lived within a gunshot of you." "Well," responded Grizzly Bill, "he did."

Little Virtues.

Few of us find opportunity to do great things or to attain great perfection. We are so cumbered with cares, we are so sure the world will go to smash if we let go for a minute, that we forget to strive after little things.

A priest now gone to his reward once wrote of the little virtues: Humility, patience, meckness, benignity, bearing one another's burdens, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordaility, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candor, all of the little virtues, like violets, love the shade, and though, like them, they make little show, shed a sweet odor all around.

A Vicious Fish.

In South America there is a small fish that not only attacks its fellows of the sea and river, but is greatly dreaded by the natives, who during certain sensons have to ford the streams in which the carbitos are found. Bathers are often attacked by them. They are perfect scavengers, cating the animals that float down the river-dead or alive.

Mother Carey's Chickens.

"Mother Carey's chickens" is a nautical name for stormy petrels, those tiny, webfooted birds which sailors regard with such awe. When a storm is imminent they collect under the stern of a ship, and superstitious seamen believe they follow vessels with the intention of picking up the souls of wrecked sailors and carrying them to

A SWEET ANSWER.

A little boy and girl were once playing together and the little boy struck the girl, hurting her so that she began to cry. The boy looked at her a few moments, then he said, 'I'didn't mean to hurt you, Katie, and I'm sorry." The little girl's face brightthe sears of our brethren. ened instantly and she replied, "Well, if you are sorry, it doesn't hurt me any more."

Eighth Annual Convention in Chicago. Archbishop Quigley of Chicago has extended an invitation to the Catholic Education association to hold its next meeting in that city. The invitation has been accepted, and the eighth annual convention will accordingly be held in Chicago next

EFFECTS OF BAD READING.

(Continued from Page 1.) distressed nations adored their God when the sun kissed the peaks of the mountains and the shadows fell, and, oh! the men who fought and died for her independence carried the name of God upon their lips and the love of Him in their hearts, and the men today, the sturdy, virtuous men, whose arms and brains are America's strength, have these words upon their banner: "In God we trust. The gallant hearts and the stout hands of the older day, and the gallant hearts and stout hands of this our day, were and are no readers of that vile, im-moral, jufidel stuff that enervates the brain and enfeebles the body. They had all of them a sound nind in a sound body,

We are still in one of the many American homes in which is the plague spot, and we see there a boy of nine or ten years. A book is in his hand. Surely it is one of his school books, and he is learning his lesson for the morrow. We look over the boy's shoulder and, lo! there is the penny dreadful, with its chapter after chapter on the dark deeds of outlaws, shooting and gambling in saloons, and yes, a touch of sickly love here and there to add more darkness to the already dark and bloody pages. What a feed for a young boy's mind. Ah, many a young boy owes the first step in his downward career, a career which ended in the penitentiary or at the end of the hangman's rope, to the reading of those sheets which make little of life and mock death, to those sheets which make the case adventurer a hero and the low adverturess a heroine. Blighted women of the underworld, unfaithful women of the divorce court, hopeless beings of the penitentiaries, raving maniacs of the asylums, blinking drunkards of the street corners, come forth this morning and let us ask you all one question, "What was the cause of your now dark and hopeless life!" and in tones of bitterness and despair nine out of every ten will answer, "It was bad reading." Without God, His truth, His justice and His morality, what are we? We are but straws carried down the dark whichpools of time to a destruction which is eternal, and anything that tends to blot out God, His truth, justice and morality, is the direct enemy that over struck at humanity. Bud books do this, they pollute the home, the most hallowed place upon this earth, they vitiate honor and those other fine feelings which make men brave and good and true, and women onstant and gentle and loving. They blot out God from the human soul, and place there the seven unclean spirits. Bad books, thy darkness is of bell, and thy stench arises therefrom. Yes, of bad books we may well repeat the description given by the Holy Ghost of a deceitful woman, "Her lips are like a honeycomb dropping, and her throat is smoother than oil. But her end is bitter as wormwood and sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down into death and her steps go in a far as hell."

As nothing is more injurious to the individual and the nation as a filthy press, an immoral book, so nothing is more conducive to their well being as a healthy press, a good book. A good paper, a good book entering a home is like an angel's visit. There is in both of them instruction, there is in both of them lessons which are conducive to a clean, upright living and a peaceful, holy dying. We want not the dregs of the divorce court, we want not the sickly loves of those who have never known the beauty, the strength and the holiness of love as it springs from God's right hand. We want no the opinions of self-conceited philosophers who fain would tear truth from its eternal pedestal and give us the hotten fabric built upon a lie. We want not the recital of social sins and social infidelities; no, we want none of these things. Let them all lie hidden in that darkness to which they belong, but, oh, give us the beauty of virtue, the strength of honor, the constancy of love. Give us these, I say, set them down in newspaper and book that the boy may read and be a man, that the man may read and be a boy, that the aged may read and, reading, may thank their God that there is still upon this earth simplicity, truth, justice, canstancy and virtue. Yes, God's smile lights up the pages of a pure newspaper, God's whisper runs through the pages of a good book.

Eathers and mothers upon you today devolves a solemn duty, and it is to guard your home and your little ones against that plague of bad reading which today pervades America.

What father in America today is there, who if him father, and those girls the sweetness of whose kiss is more to him than the sweetness of the sunshine, what father is there, I say, who would not stand in the doorway and with all the strength and grace which God gives to a noble man, defend his little ones from the enemy?

A mother's love is stronger than a father's. Holy Scripture has these beautiful words: "If the mother forgets the child of her womb, I will not forget thee." Christ the Great Master has likened His love to a mother's. Though His love is infinite, still a mother's love for her children was the comparison He chose to take, from which we infer that after God's love the mother's love comes next. It is so, and being so, the mother gathers her boys and girls into her embrace to shield them from the enemy, to shield them though her heart's blood gushes out hot, warm and loving upon their bodies.

Fathers and mothers, the enemy in the shape of bad books is at your door, nay, may be inside, the enemy that will not only kill the body of your boy and girl, but their immortal souls, and deprive them forever of the God for whom they were created. Fathers and mothers, stand in your doorways and repel the enemy, and if he is inside rest not, sleep not, until he vanishes from a home, the purity, the faith and the peace of which he is blasting. Catholic fathers and mothers, I know you will do your duty. Duty well performed has God's smile upon it. Duty well performed has the applause of angels and good men. Do your duty to your boys and girls. Keep away from your homes rich or poor as they may be immoral lit-erature, and then when the shadows fall and the night winds sing requiem above your mortal remains, your children will come after you to earry your name bright, pure and unsulfied through the fleeting days of this world and home to God. One word more in conclusion. In every Catholic home there should be two books, the Holy Bible and the Imitation of Christ, and I would ask the mother of the family when the shadows fall over Utah's mountaits, and the father, partner of her joys and sorrows, after his day's work and a supper which she has prepared for him with loving hands, sits beside her. I would ask her then to take the New Westament and read for her boys and girls and for him the Sermon on the Mount, or part of it, and then on another occasion she will turn to the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul, to the Corinthians, and read for them those inspired passages upon Charity and on all occasions she will wind up her reading as she takes her husband by the hand, and looking upon her children with a look in which is concentrated all a mother's love and hope, on

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beautiful words of St. Paul to Timothy: For he knew an enemy was coming in the stillness of even now I am ready to be sacrificed, and the time the night to kill his manly boys that lovingly call of my dissolution is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the Just Judge, will render to me in that day, and not only to me, but to those who love His coming. Amen.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

(Continued from Page 1.) from such a sanctuary became thereby the better fitted to walk to the sanctuary of their God. That Divine Providence so thoughtful of and so helpful in molding our civilization and bringing out of it the best that it has, not satisfied to make the sauctuary of the home replete with goodness and gentleness and virtue (as He made the sanctuary of the church the shrine of the living God) but He would also have the child on his journey from the home to the home of God pass by the way where God's benediction may accompany him, His presence be recognized and His name venerated.

Now the way from the home to the church is the school, and the solicitude of our Savior for Church and Home applies to the school also. And so to complete the trinity the school, whence the child should go on its way to God through life, should be the Christian school. Neither Greece nor Rome may give what the school of Christ has to offer, namely, the knowledge of Him "who is the way, the truth and the light."

For the home, then, as Christ founded it, as Christendom protected it, the Christian home, and for the school that commenced at Nazareth and still remains under the Master's care, it is for these we stand tonight.

So runs the tide of the times, away from the home; orphanages multiply, our juvenile courts work overtime, the philanthropist is abroad, but vain his efforts, vain your charity if the Christian home is undone. For my part, while I believe the civilization we have inherited from our Christian fathers is not perfect, yet it is the only civilization possible, and it will fall if the home falls, and today the home is tottering under the repeated assaults of libertine, legislator and social re-

As for the school, the amount of time and thought expended on it today is only equalled by the shilly and shallow conclusions arrived at. The modern child is experimented on in your schools today somewhat as the guinea pig or the rabbit in your school of medicine. Every new poison is administered, its effect noted and the result tabulated. A dead rabbit, a spoiled child, are generally the results, but sceince advances and the world is more all occasions, I say, she will wind up with these and more. To be continued.

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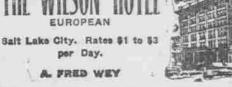
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